

## Miller & Rhoads.

# Most Extraordinary Offer in Umbrellas We Ever Made.

Stores sometimes forget from season to season about their special offerings, and the tendency is to advertise the latest bargain as the "best."

With this thought in mind, we nevertheless reiterate the statement in the headline, that our offer of

All-Silk Taffeta Umbrellas at \$5.00 Each, With Handles That Are Alone Worth From \$5.00 to \$12.00 is the most extraordinary one we ever made.

Just 200 in the lot—150 of 26-inch size for Ladies and 50 in 28-inch size for gentlemen. All-Silk tape Edge Taffeta.

The handles are in All-Silver, All-Gold, Silver and Pearl, Carved Ivory and Natural Wood, trimmed in Solid Gold and Silver.

This Umbrella offering is a yearly event with us—but this season we secured them a little earlier than usual and in finer values than ever before. People that wish to be forehanded with Christmas presents will take advantage of this sale, as Umbrellas of the same kind will undoubtedly sell for \$12.00 and \$14.00 at holiday times.

The window display will give you an idea of their beauty.

## MENS SOFT SHIRTS 39c.

None Worth Less Than 50c—Some Were 75c.

The white ones are made of Madras and Bedford Cord—The colored ones of Madras and Percale.

You'll need them this fall.

Miller & Rhoads

## Social and Personal

The marriage of Dr. Alonzo L. Wingfield, of this city, and Miss Hannah W. Rea, of Albemarle county, took place Wednesday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, at No. 201 Fourteenth Street, Charlottesville, Va., the Rev. Samuel Saunders performing the ceremony.

The bride is a daughter of the late Joseph Rea, a prominent citizen of the Hillsboro neighborhood. She has been very popular. Dr. Wingfield is well known professionally and otherwise.

Miss Annie S. Fletcher, who, with Miss Dunlop and Miss Meredith, has been summering in Europe, will return to Richmond about October 1st. Miss Dunlop, who has always been very popular, Dr. Wingfield is well known professionally and otherwise.

Next month there will be a large Newport society ball at the Virginia Hotel. It must be quite a relief to the Newport society to settle some details of the Roxbury-Goelet wedding. For instance, it means something to find out that Miss Goelet's fiancé's full name and address is to be Henry John Innes-Ker Duke of Roxburgh, Marquis of Bowmont and Crawford, Earl of Kelsie, Viscount Broxmouth, Baron Broxmouth and Earl of Roxburgh and Caverton in Scotland, and Earl Innes in the United Kingdom. Newporters doubtless are pleased to hear that the Duke's mother and three unmarried sisters will come over for the wedding in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, and that Miss Beatrice Mills and Miss Mabel Garry have been asked to be bridesmaids.

At a meeting of the Board of Deacons of the Third Presbyterian Church held a few evenings ago it was decided to increase the salary of the pastor, the Rev. R. B. Eggleston, \$200 a year, making it, including the rental value of the manse, \$1,000 per annum.

Mr. Eggleston had just gotten back from his vacation, and the action of the board came as a gratifying evidence of the good will of those in charge of the financial affairs of the church. Mr. Eggleston is now in this third year of his ministry, and he is very popular with his people. Thursday afternoon, while he and Mrs. Eggleston were out for a drive, the ladies of the church filled the pastor's pantry with many good things.

CLAY WARD ACTIVES TO HAVE SOCIAL SESSION

The Clay Ward Actives will hold a social session at Belvidere Hall to-night for the purpose of bringing the members in by simply to shake hands, and of reviving interest in the club.

The affair is in the hands of a committee of which Mr. S. J. B. Wright is chairman, and it is promised to be a success.

The candidates for the Legislature have been invited, though they are not expected to speak, but simply to shake hands with the members. Light refreshments will be served and every member of the club is cordially asked to be present. The affair will be purely informal, and it is not thought any business will be transacted. The club members have not been especially active within the past year, and President Minor and other leaders of the ward are anxious that interest in party work should be revived.

A WOMAN INSTANTLY KILLED BY A TRAIN

Rena, Hatcher, a colored woman, who lived at No. 1137 Taylor Street, was badly injured by a Seaboard train at the foot of St. Peter Street at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon when she died three hours later.

The woman was endeavoring to cross the track when a train struck her, cutting her head and crushing her ribs. Dr. W. W. Moorehouse rendered all aid possible.

Miss Anna Clark has returned to Richmond after a long visit to Miss Maria Collins, of Caroline county. Miss Collins accompanied Miss Clark home, and is now her guest.

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## PERL ISLAND.

By SIDNEY DREW. Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Harst.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### A Gallant Deed.

The night rain was falling in large, warm drops, and darkness had come. The Lascar rose, shook himself, and made for the bay. Standing knee-deep in the water, he threw his arms back and drew a long breath. He was perfectly naked, except for a leather belt, which held a knife-sheath and revolver. Mumps would deeper and deeper, the knife gripped between his teeth, and then began to swim with swift but silent strokes.

Though the bay was crowded with sharks, the man was not afraid. He was a son of the East, and the deep-rooted faith of his race allowed no dread of death. Mumps gave the danger no thought. He was going to rescue Ruby if he could, and he would do his best.

Mumps swam like an otter, his phosphorescent rippling dancing away over his glistening shoulders. The rain fell with a faint, hissing sound. Raising himself and looking back he saw Lockburn's flagpole like a grey line drawn across a blackboard. He was steering by the pole, for the two vessels were invisible. So noiselessly did he swim that he passed through the cluster of gulls that were dozing on the water without disturbing them.

Mumps had watched the departure of the boats. He knew that only a few men had been left behind to look after the yacht and her consort. The Lascar was a good sailor, and he felt that Hans Vanderlet was taking heavy risks. If a storm rose suddenly, blowing inshore, the few hands left behind would be unable to work the vessels. It was his duty to help, and if they parted the Antoinette and the Silver Star would leave their bones on the rocks of Perl Island.

But there was no sign of a change of weather. Mumps swam on, careless of sharks, and of the spars of a vessel rose above him. As there was a westerly current, and he might have drifted, he was not sure whether it was the Silver Star or the Antoinette. He clung to the chains.

"Wah!" the Lascar grunted, "come to star. Too much chop beam for yacht."

It was the Antoinette. Not a sound could he hear, except the hiss of the lapping waves and the occasional creak of a spar. He swam round her. Not a light was visible. She seemed to be utterly deserted.

"Wah! Wonder if me canoe," muttered Mumps, doubtfully.

He was back resting on the chain. It tightened. Mumps found ample room for his toes on the big links, and began to climb. He thrust one dripping, naked limb through the hawser hole, and hung there waiting for the chain to slacken. Then he swung his leg over, reached up, and dragged himself on deck.

The velvet darkness baffled even the Lascar's splendid eyesight. He could make out the smoke of a vessel and smell the hot scent of a banked-up furnace. Mumps shook the water out of his revolver. The well-greased brass cartridges were proof against immersion. He crept down the fore-companion, and he heard a noise.

"Only a rat," thought Mumps. "Dey gone, true nough. Wah! not findee Ruby if steeper here. Wah!"

Mumps grinned and ran out of the galley. He knew every turn and twist of the Antoinette. He had found matches, and a lantern. The ship had been abandoned temporarily. A fire still smoldered in the galley, and screening the porthole, Mumps switched on the light.

In an instant it was out again, as he heard a noise.

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The fore part of the cable was slack enough for his purpose, and Mumps quickly found the pin. He pulled it out, and defied him for a long time. Click, click, click! rang the punch against the steel. Then came a loud rattle and a dull splash as the severed cable clanked through the hawser-hole and sank. Mumps had set the vessel adrift.

With a laugh on his lips, he rushed aft, and dived over the stern rail. When he rose he felt the force of the current. A dull light, like a low, pale moon, marked the position of the yacht. He struck out for it lustily. It was here, there, there! He was on the work. There was a crash on the water, and floating weed impeded him. A night-flying bird of the albatross species winged over him half-inclined to swoop down and strike at the round, black object which was the Lascar's head.

Mumps was tireless. He was gaining on the current foot by foot. In reality, the swim was some six hundred yards, but it seemed miles. Happily the water was warm, and Mumps was in magnificent training. He kept a keen eye on the shadowy bird that followed him like a ghost. Brighter and brighter grew the light, and at length Mumps rested to draw breath, clinging to the Silver Star's cable. Some one was whistling a popular music-hall tune. Mumps cared nothing for one man, or for a dozen if he could only tackle them singly. The whistler, by the sound, was well acquainted. Mumps delayed no longer, but climbed the cable, and dropped flat on the yacht's deck. A breeze was springing up.

Lazy footfalls accompanied the whistling. The Lascar pulled himself along and glided round the funnel. The breeze blew gallantly, and the sails drew well. Then came the most anxious time of all. They entered the bay on a long tack and crawled inland. Their hearts began to flutter with anxiety. Each moment they expected to feel the hull jar, and see the sails beat and flutter helplessly as the yacht grounded.

She kept on, until, looking back, the blue sea was lost by the screen of giant reeds and the towering rocks of the island.

A light streamed from the saloon, the door being ajar. He cautiously peered in. Two evil-faced sailors were playing cards, a whiskey bottle between them. Both were muddled with drink. The Lascar's hand slid round the door and removed the key. He waited a long five minutes, his heart beating faster than usual for the first time that night. Then, inch by inch, he closed the door.

The tensest moment of all came when he gripped the key. There was a creak as one of the men upset a glass, and the click of the lock tongue was unheard. "Now, where dey gottee de boy?" murmured the Lascar.

Mumps knew that he must not quicken his pace. If one of the card players wanted to leave the saloon, the discovery of the locked door would cause an immediate alarm. But he had still to ascertain whether more than three men had been left behind. A cracked, hoarse voice whined almost in his ear:

"Dan! Curse and burn yet! Where are ye, ye do? Give me drink, drink, drink! I'm dyin' for drink. Dan! I'm sick and weak now, but I'll tear the throat out o' ye for this. Rum, rum! Dan, I say! Ye do, ye bound!"

Mumps dropped on one knee, his eye at the keyhole. The hideous dwarf, haggard and unshaven, lay amid a heap of tumbled bedclothes. The Lascar saw that he was too ill and delirious to recognize any one. He saw, too, a bottle half full of rum, with a glass beside it. Mumps was silent for a moment. Opening the door he filled a panikin with spirit and dashed it with water. The dwarf gulped

the drink down greedily, and sank back in a stupor.

Mumps drew back at the side of the door. Some one was approaching, whistling as he came. He paused at the door and kicked it open. Down came the Lascar's revolver, butt, and a snowy arm caught the seaman as he could fall. Mumps looked his fingers round the sailor's wrist, but the grip was needless. The fellow was stunned. Mumps tied his wrists and ankles and searched him. His eyes sparkled at the sight of a familiar key—the key of the yacht's strong room.

"Wah!" chuckled the Lascar, triumphantly, "Ruby in dar." Dan first choped all rightee, I velly muchee cold," he added, with a shiver.

A quick search brought to light a suit of Sir Clive Drayton's pyjamas. Mumps put them on. In a second the key shot into the strong room's lock.

"Ruby, Ruby," whispered the Lascar. No answer. Mumps felt his heart turn chill. The place was as black as a mine. A terror came upon him. Had they shot or hanged the negro? Had he come too late? The sound of easy, regular breathing turned terror into delight. Mumps thrust out his bare foot and kicked lustily.

"Wah! Not knowee Mumps? Come always, ye first choped bag of lazy bones. Wake up!"

"Who dar?" cried Ruby, starting from sleep.

"Wah! Not knowee Mumps? Come out. Me wantee looker at ye' ugly mucee."

"Ye' mighty done slow comin'," growled Ruby. "I jes' done guess ye' not fit to do pal of a 'spectable darkee. Nice time held, darkee, yer chile, heah, yo' yaller imago. Dey might hab hang me fo' all yo' care."

"Wah!" said Mumps. "I notice comee gettee before. I velly solly pigdin first choped—Wah!"

Ruby was in iron. He clanked out into the light. Not a word was spoken while Mumps was striking the shackles off. Then the negro's mouth expanded from ear to ear, and they shook hands. The negro understood one another in their own peculiar way. Even when he knew of the Lascar's heroism, Ruby did not consider any thanks necessary, and Mumps expected none. Ruby would have done the same for him had the positions been reversed.

"Two dar" in a sly, sly way," said Ruby. "Dey door lock, heah? Ye' not do big fool yo' look, Mumps. Swayne, him too sick to count, and de other on him back. Ye' not half de borney idiot yo' face call ye'." What de nex' part of dis circus?"

"Wah!" said Mumps, "no time speak. Gettee shore, quick."

"They waitin' de saloon, and bein' unable to find de key of Swayne's cabin, Mumps paid a second visit to the tool-chest and screwed up the cabin door. Ruby kept scratching his woolly head.

"A breeze, eh?"

"Ye' tink me an' yo' get de sails on her, eh?"

"Wah!" nodded the Lascar, his eyes glistening.

"They sprank on deck. The breeze was ready, and more than a landman's sea was running. Mumps thought it wise to have a glance at the prisoners, and, added by a rope, he peered through the saloon lights. Both men were wrapped in drunken sleep. Ruby and Mumps never worked harder in their lives. Both were experienced sailors, but their arms were aching and their fingers were raw when the canvas at last began to flap and belly and the yacht creaked and strained at her cables, and then stuck. There was not enough steam to move it. As they could not hoist the anchor, they hammered out the pin of the cable. Before doing so Ruby tied a buoy to the hawser to mark the spot.

"She done movin'," grinned Ruby, as the vessel answered the wheel. "Hooray! Where we make fo', Mumps?"

"Pearl Bay," answered the Lascar.

"Dat so. Ye' done tell me all do fun and get some grub. I jes' famish and empty. We of right nough. It come on to blow. Oh, I jes' famish."

Mumps raised the stores, and took the wheel while Ruby devoured his meal. In low, guttural tones, he gave Ruby the story of their adventures ashore. The yacht out slowly and lazily through the water, and when the sun shone the dark waters of Pearl Bay lay on their left.

To their surprise, there was no sign of the Antoinette—she had vanished. The volcano sent its dark smoke pouring across the cloudless sky. Still the breeze blew gallantly, and the sails drew well. Then came the most anxious time of all. They entered the bay on a long tack and crawled inland. Their hearts began to flutter with anxiety. Each moment they expected to feel the hull jar, and see the sails beat and flutter helplessly as the yacht grounded.

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the drink down greedily, and sank back in a stupor.

## Last Season's Winter-Weight

# Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Trousers

at Half Prices.

Following our usual custom, we shall place on sale this morning our stock of Men's Suits, Men's Fall-Weight Overcoats, Men's Extra Trousers, Boys' Long and Knee Pants Suits, Reefers and Overcoats, which we carried over from last winter, at

## One-Half of Last Season's Prices.

Goods in this sale are all heavy-weights—suitable for the approaching winter—and are placed on sale now at these enormous reductions to avoid showing them again in conjunction with our new stock.

Cans-Rady Company

### DAILY FASHION HINTS

#### GIRLS' FROCK.

A stylish little dress, that is eminently becoming in its graceful lines, is shown here for a girl of 12 and 14—the age where it is no hard to find just the style that is neither too old nor too young. The design is simple, yet has a chic air that makes it extremely stylish. The waist with its Russian closing has a pretty round fullness to the figure. The sleeve is daintily set off by the use of a sleeve cap and a fancy cuff. The skirt is circular, with an inverted box-pleat or gathered at the back. For a wash dress or light woollen, nothing could be prettier, and the style is one that does not grow old. If desired, the hands may be of plain or contrasting material—machine-stitched, and, by the way, machine stitching is one of the prettiest as well as an economical way of trimming. Try it on a blue or brown brilliantine, using coarse white silk or tan silk for stitching the bands, and you will be surprised at the pleasing results obtained. Any of the materials for girls' dresses may be used in the construction of the mode.



THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

By HARRY TUCKER

"In the good old summer time"—To sing this is a crime: For with frost and snow, And the winds that blow, It's now without reason or rhyme.

Just give us a coat that is all lined with fur. A drink of hot coffee or something to cheer. And we'll sit by the stove in the corner and stare. Through the slush and the shivers of cold winter's day. So try all you can to give us a rest. And cut that old song, for we think it is best.



## ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Circus Banquet. They are seated at the table. All the creatures of the show; For the monkeys gave a banquet To the animals you know.

The elephant has tartelets, He is stewing them away; They're garnished with red cabbages And stuffed with clover hay.

The lion is delighted, With a joint that is sweet; "Thanks!" he says to Mister Monkey— "Just a little more of meat."

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 11 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

No. 4,448.

WANT "LONG TOM" HAYNES TO RUN

Capitol Policeman G. W. (Long Tom) Haynes, of Dickenson county, is being earnestly urged by prominent men in Dickenson to announce his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the House of Representatives in the new district composed of the counties of Dickenson and Wise, but the sturdy mountaineer officer has decided not to do so.

It is contended that Wise is willing to concede the honor to Dickenson this time, and it is said that the Democrats of the county are almost a unit for Mr. Haynes. The primaries will be held on Tuesday, and Mr. Haynes is urged to wire his decision in the matter at once. In discussing it last night, he said: "You may state for me that my heart is with the boys back in the mountains, and I appreciate their kindness in asking me to run for the House, but it is my judgment that it would be good politics to name a man from Wise this year, and I shall, therefore, not enter the race."

Mr. Haynes is very popular with the people of Dickenson, and has held a great many responsible offices at their hands.

No. 4,448—Sizes for 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 14 years.

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## MAYOR TAYLOR WILL RUN IF LIFE LASTS

"The more the merrier," said Mayor Richard M. Taylor to a Times-Dispatch representative yesterday when asked how he felt over the talk concerning a many probable candidates for Mayor next year. "I can only speak for myself," he went on, "and you may say for me that I will be a candidate for re-election to the office of Mayor if I should live until the primary is held."

Further than this, Mayor Taylor would not discuss the subject. He was in the heat of spirits, however, and did not seem to have lost any sleep over the talk concerning the probable candidacy of other gentlemen.

A great deal of gossip is being indulged in around the City Hall on the subject of Captain Wise's probable candidacy, and it seems to be the general opinion that he will make a most popular race if he shall decide to enter.

Mr. Verser Improving. The many friends of Mr. J. O. Verser, the popular ticket agent of the Southern Railway, will be glad to know he is recovering from a severe illness.

BURNETT'S EXTRACT OF VANILLA is the standard everywhere. Sold by best grocers.

Libbey Cut Glass

The World's Best

Brilliant, Sparkling, Exclusive Designs—Awarded Highest Medals

The Libbey Engraved on Glass

THE E. B. TAYLOR CO., Exclusive Richmond Agents, 1011 E. Main St. 9 E. Broad St.